

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

VOLUME X.—NUMBER 510.

STANFORD, KY., TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1882.

NEW SERIES—NUMBER 13.

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, — — — Editor and Proprietor
T. R. WALTON, — — — Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2.50 PER ANNUM,
INvariably in ADVANCE.

Ruahaway Matches.

Ruahaway matches usually attract much attention, and excite pretty warm controversy. Young people are apt to sympathize with the young couple, and speak of their proceeding as "very romantic." There is a young lady in one of Sheridan's comedies who was grievously disappointed in being allowed to marry her lover in the regular way, in her own parish church, with the usual retinue of bridesmaids and friends. It seemed terribly flat and commonplace, compared with the getting down a ladder into the garden, climbing a wall, and posting away to Scotland with four horses on the full gallop.

We all like to see and hear of something spirited and gallant. A young lover, all ardor and devotion, rescuing a beautiful girl from a cruel tyrant of an uncle, who has locked her up on bread and water for six weeks, is a figure we are pleased to dwell upon in novels. In real life, too, there have been such cases, and some runaway matches have resulted in great happiness to all concerned.

It remains a fact, however, that a marriage to which good parents deliberately object is not likely to turn out happily. Parents are more likely to judge the matter wisely than their immature and inexperienced child. They know what marriage is, and they know upon what conditions happiness in it depends.

They know how it all looks when the honeymoon is over, and the romantic pair settle down to the unromantic duties of paying rent, going to market, and making a limited sum per annum supply illimitable wants, and yet last twelve calendar months.

It is a sad thing for either a daughter or a son to leave their childhood's home, never more perhaps to return, without the sanction and the blessing of those who gave them life and nurture.

GOATS TO PROTECT SHEEP.—The farmers of Hunterdon and Somerset counties, New Jersey, use goats to protect their sheep from dogs. Two goats can drive away a dozen dogs, and two are about all each farmer puts in with his sheep. As soon as a dog enters the field at night, the goats attack him, and their butting propensities are too much for the canine, who soon finds himself rolling over and over. A few repetitions of this treatment causes the dog to quit the field, limping and yelling. Formerly, when a dog entered a sheep field at night, the sheep would run wildly around and cry pitifully. Since the goats have been used to guard them, they form in line behind the goats and seem to enjoy the fun. The idea of utilizing goats in this way came from the West, where they are put in sheep pens to drive away wolves.—[N. Y. Sun.]

MASONIC.—The Masonic Grand Lodge of Kentucky at its last session adopted the following resolution:

"All unaffiliated Masons, who shall have remained so for a period of 12 months after they demit from their respective lodges, shall be divested of the following rights, viz: The right of Masonic burial, the right to walk in Masonic processions, and the right to visit any one lodge more than three times. All Masons unaffiliated at the adoption of this resolution, shall have 12 months in which to affiliate with some Lodge."

Many of the Hoboken women object to baring their arms in public. One young woman positively declined to roll up her sleeve. She told Dr. Allers to cut it over the spot on which he wished to apply the vaccine matter. She wore a new and expensive dress, and he remonstrated with her, but to no purpose. "Cut it," she said, "cut it." He finally ripped the seam and performed the operation.—[New York Sun.]

A breeder of poultry says: "Every spring I procure a quantity of cedar boughs and scatter them plentifully in and around the hen house. This is all that is necessary, as the odor of cedar keeps away the lice."

Forty years' experience has stamped public approval on Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, as the most reliable of all remedies for Throat or Chest diseases. It is continued and increasing popularity is conclusive evidence of its superior curative qualities.—[Herald.]

Why the Parson Left Kentucky.

A good many years ago, when a certain place in Texas was a very small town, quite a number of prominent citizens went out on a hunting expedition. One night, when they were all gathered around the camp fire, one of the party suggested that each man should give the time and reason for his leaving his native State and coming to Texas, whereupon each one in turn told his experience. Judge Blank had killed a man in self-defense, in Arkansas, Gen. Standish, had forged another man's signature to a check, while another came to Texas on account of his having two wives. The only man who did not make any disclosures was a somber-looking old man, who, although a professional gambler, was usually called "Parson."

"Well, Parson, why did you leave Kentucky?"

"I don't care to say anything about it. Besides, it was only a trifle. None of you would believe me anyhow."

"Oat with it! Did you shoot anybody?"

"No, gentlemen, I did not. Since you want to know so bad, I'll tell you. I left Kentucky because I did not build a church."

Deep silence fell on the group. No such excuse for coming to Texas ever had been heard of before. There was evidently an unexplained mystery at the bottom of it. The "Parson" was called on to furnish more light.

"Well, gentlemen, you see a congregation raised \$3,000 and turned it over to me to build a church—and I didn't build the church. That's all."

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An institution to which the death of Gen. Garfield has made a perceptible difference is the Christian or Campbellite Church of Washington. From a position of relative obscurity, it was suddenly lifted to notional fame, as being the church which the President-elect attended; but now it hears more inquiries made for the church where President Arthur worships.

Still it cannot complain. Its pastor, with rare promptness, utilized the election of Gen. Garfield at once in asking subscriptions for a new edifice, and they poured in from all quarters to the extent of \$30,000. Although afterward the flow of funds was checked, of course, enough had been secured to build a good church. The moral of making hay while the sun shines is sufficiently obvious.—[N. Y. Sun.]

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These beautiful thoughts end with reference to Jones' Teething Syrup, which we omit.—Texas Sift.

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Let no one suppose that by acting a good part through life he will escape scandal. There will be those even who hate him for the very qualities that ought to procure esteem. There are some folks in the world who are not willing that others should be better than themselves.

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STANFORD, KY.

Tuesday Morning, January 31, 1882

W. P. WALTON, EDITOR

As might have been supposed, the Anti-free pass bill was killed by a decided majority in the Kentucky Legislature. There is nothing that the little legislator thinks more of than his railroad pass. It is a new thing to him, this riding on the cars free, and he shows his piece of pasto board to the conductor with the air of a man, who feels like he owns the whole concern. He does not seem to realize whenever he pulls one out that he is producing evidence against himself, that he has accepted a bribe, altho' every honest man must regard it in that light. Railroad companies are like all other corporations, soulless, and never bestow a favor except for a purpose, or valuable consideration. They are exceedingly chary of such favors, and the legislator, who imagines he is a master of personal consideration, is both a fool and a knave. We would like to see him try to get a pass after his term of official service is over. He would find out then how much personal consideration a railroad company has for him. No, upright lawmaker, you may endeavor to quiet your qualms of conscience by pretending to think otherwise, but when you accept a pass, for which you can furnish no consideration but favorable legislation, you accept a bribe, which, petty though it be, has from time whereof the memory of man runneled not to the contrary, had the effect intended by the railroads. Those little passes always secure favorable legislation. They allow unjust discrimination against localities. They furnish reason why the freight on a car load of coal from Pine Hill to this place, 30 miles, is more than it is to Louisville, 130 miles. They account for the fact that freight from Cincinnati or Louisville, here, is three or four times as much as it is from New York to either of those points. A scrupulously honest lawmaker will not accept one of these little bribes, and until we can elect men to the Legislature, who would scorn such an attempt, the people have but small show when railroads come up for consideration. It may be urged that editors, who are supposed to get every thing, including their railroad fares, without money and without price, are the last men to attempt to bring about the reform, so greatly desired, but it is an erroneous idea to suppose that newspaper men get free passes. The passes that they get are far from free. The advertisement necessary to secure such passes, is in our case at least, worth at our regular rates, many times more than the use of them is ever worth to us, for we rarely ever have time to use them, besides, we would much prefer buying our tickets if the railroads would pay in money for the space they use. We make these statements to correct a mistaken idea and to show that we do not do what we coundemn in others. To their credit be it said, there are a few of the members of our Legislature who returned the passes sent to them. They deserve honorable mention, and if we had their names we would publish them that the world may know there are a few really honest men left.

MAHONE'S son, Butler, is finding out by degrees, that he is not quite so big a man as his father. He draws his pay as Clerk of his father's Committee in the Senate, and spends that, and more too, running with gamblers and fast women. He has frequently been locked up in Washington station houses, and the other night a hackman, whose vehicle he had used and then refused to pay, not only put a beautiful head on him, but took his hat and diamond pin, leaving him to go home minus both. He threatened to have the jews arrested, but he fled him to take the matter to the Courts.

THE Apportionment Bill agreed on by the Census Committee, provides that after the 3d of March, 1883, the House of Representatives shall consist of 320 members. Should that number be adopted, Arkansas will gain one member, California one, Florida will lose one, Kentucky, Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri, North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and West Virginia, gain one each, and Texas four. The Northern States will gain 18 and lose 4.

The Court in Banc, so often referred to in the Guitreau trial, is an official meeting of four Judges of the Common Law Court, who sit to determine law points. The word banc is French, and means simply a bench.

THERE are fourteen counts in Sec. v. the application for a new trial, but it is not thought that any of them will count for much.

THE Rev. Leftwich, of Tennessee, has got himself in trouble again. Last year he made an indecent attack in his pulpit on Miss Julia Hunt, as pure a lady as ever god the stage, for which he would have been punished, both by her big husband and the leading man of the troupe, but for a subsequent apology. A few days ago a little boy while stealing a ride on a train at Nashville, fell and broke his arm. The following Sunday, the Rev. Leftwich took the accident as the subject of his text, and held up the little boy as a modern young devil and scolded it to his mother for raising such a child. Those who heard the remarks say they were almost slanderous in their nature, and now the mother and an older son is looking for the preacher with a cowhide. Let us hope that they will find him. A well administered dose of that kind of medicine, would evidently have a good effect on the clerical class.

WE were led by an item in a Republican paper to let Lt. Gov. Castrill a great injustice in our issue of the 27th, which we hasten to correct. We have since learned from excellent authority that Gov. Castrill was not Salyers' counsel as charged, that he did not ask that he be pardoned, and that he has made it an invariable rule never to request the pardon of any body, feeling that it would be a breach of official propriety. We regret that we did not reflect that Republican papers are always ready to defame Democratic officials, but taking the matter for granted, we feel so outraged that notwithstanding we claim to be a good friend of Gov. Castrill, we could not suppress an expression of disgust.

GATH has been nosing around Washington, and writes to the *Enquirer* that there is no show whatever for a new trial for Guitreau, but that he will be septuagint during the latter part of this week to be hung on Friday, June 23d, 1882, a year, lacking a week from the time he killed the President. He will not appear before the Court in banc during the argument for a new trial, and unless it is granted him, he has made his last public appearance until the fatal day. Guitreau continues to wear a bold front, and talks hopeful, but the jail attendants say he is greatly depressed and has lost to a great degree his gorgish appetite.

A WRITER in the Louisville *Commercial* asks Col. Wolford to head the so-called independent movement and run for Clerk of the Court of Appeals any way. We do not suppose the individual knows the character of the man he addresses. Col. Wolford is a Democrat from principal, a man of honor and one who would scorn the idea of taking a part in a Convention and then violate the obligation imposed on every gentleman composing it.

ONE of the many inexplicable doings of the Legislature, is the constant putting off of the election of Public Printer. Col. Major is the regular caucus nomine, and there will be little more to do than to declare him elected, which would take less time than those ever recurring motions to postpone.

IT is said that the present Congress will repeal the tax on bank checks and matches. There is neither reason nor justice in such a tax, and it ought to have been repealed years ago.

THE Louisville Post says that Col. Rochester seems to be the only member of the R. R. Commission possessing ordinary capacity. This is pretty severe on the boys.

LEGISLATIVE.

A bill to legalize wire fences is before the House.

A bill to allow jailers the right to appoint deputies, passed the Senate.

The House passed a bill exempting the jury in the Hargie case from further service in that line for 12 years.

The Whipping Post bill has been made the order of the day for next Thursday, to continue from day to day until disposed of.

The House very properly sat down on a bill to create the county of Blackburn out of Clay, Laurel and Jackson. There are far too many panzer counties now.

A bill to punish wife beating by stripes laid on the bare back was discussed in the House the other day, but of course the fine gentlemen could not agree to return to so barbarous a relic of punishment.

A bill has been introduced in the House to abolish Commonwealth's Attorney's fees, and instead, pay those officers a salary of \$2,400. It is greatly to the interest of law and order that this bill be killed at once.

MR. Pherigo has presented a bill for the benefit of Harrison Ray, Assessor, of Garrard, and another to authorize a defined portion of that county to subscribe to the capital stock of the Poor Lodge and Sugar Creek Turnpike.

THE Courier Journal's Frankfort correspondent says: Leave of absence was obtained for Senator Blaine, of Lincoln, for a short visit home. His proposal to be in the seat again Monday, thus losing one day. It is due to Mr. Blaine to say that he has not lost a single hour from his seat up to this time since the first day of the session, having voted upon every call of the year and nays.

—The Senate bill incorporating the Louisville and Southern R. R., which is to be built from Louisville to a point between Nicholasville and Danville on the Southern R. R., has passed the House. If built, it is claimed that it will be the shortest line between the Northwest and Southeast. The charter provides that no County or City shall be asked to aid in building it.

Judge Henderson has offered the following bills: To amend the charter of the Turnerville, McKinney and Coffey's Mill Turnpike; to charter the Boone's Schoolhouse and String Turnpike Co., in Lincoln county; to amend the charter of the Hintonville and Bradfordville Turnpike, and to empower the Trustees of the Stanford Male and Female Seminary to sell a part of the Seminary lot.

NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Virginia has a member in the Legislature 80 years old. We hope he is not a republican.

—Strawberries are plentiful in the Jacksonville, Fla., market, and large shipments are being made North.

—Mrs. Scoville indignantly denies that her husband is about to apply for a divorce on the ground of insanity.

—Arthur breakfasts at 10 A. M., dines at 7:30 P. M., and goes to bed at about 3 A. M., so says a Washington Jenkins.

—The expenses to the country of the assassination of the President and the trial of the assassin is estimated at \$250,000.

—J. C. Rodemer, a contractor on the Knoxville Extension, was injured about the nose and mouth by a falling rock from a blast.

—M. A. Moore, proprietor of the hotel at Williamsburg, Whitley county, shot and killed Hannibal Ross, who was making at him with a drawn knife.

—G. J. Burgess, a contractor on the Knoxville Extension, drew his estimate the other day and departed for parts unknown, leaving numerous creditors in the lurch.

—The four proper counties of Pulaski, Whitley, Wayne and Russell, draw \$25,816.04 more money than they pay into the Treasury. Pulaski heads the list with \$9,062.48.

—Raleigh, N. C. and New Orleans, La., each had a hanging matinee Friday. At the former place, John Morris paid the penalty for murder, and at the latter, August Davis, for rape.

—The agony of the office seekers of Cincinnati is over. Wm. C. Taft will be Collector of Internal Revenue, Leopold Marshall Assistant U. S. Treasurer, and S. A. Whitefield, Postmaster.

—The investigation of Governor Churchill, of Arkansas, is still in progress. One report is that the deficit is \$75,000, but the governor's friends say it is not over twenty-five thousand dollars.

—When the news of the Guitreau verdict was announced in a Detroit theatre, one man failed to join in the applause, in fact, he went so far as to his, when a mob set upon him his husband and nearly killed him.

—The South Kentuckian, although having declared in favor of T. Lovely Jones for Governor, has changed his mind since Mr. Jones' section refused to give aid or comfort to any candidate of the southwestern State.

—The postoffice appropriation bill has been reported to the house. It appropriates \$43,639,300, being \$22,500 less than the amount asked for by the estimate, and \$2,651,868 in excess of the amount appropriated for the current year.

—The husband of Christine Nilsson, the sweet songstress, has gone crazy over the belief that he had lost all his property. This was exceedingly foolish, since he could have discounted every note that escaped from the throat of his wife at \$5 or more.

BOYLE COUNTY.
Danville.

—The many friends of Dr. S. P. Craig in Danville will regret to hear of his misfortune on Saturday night. Dr. Craig was a medical student in Danville for several years, and his friends and admirers here hope to hear of his speedy recovery.

—Faint whispers of a number of spring waddings, to take place in and about Danville are already heard, but is too soon to more whisper about them; in due time the readers of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL* shall hear of them with full particulars.

—About the only thing that has occurred recently to disturb the even tenor of very proper Danville, was the mysterious poisoning of the family of Mr. Henry Olmsted on Thursday night last. The family consisting of Mr. Olmsted, his wife, two children and Mrs. Ball, Mrs. Olmsted's mother, took supper at the usual hour, and were taken violently ill, and when Dr. Cowan, who was called in arrived, all were speechless. The Dr. discovered marked symptoms of mineral poison and applied the usual remedies, and at this time all are out of danger; although Mrs. Ball, who is an elderly lady, is still quite feeble. No well-founded suspicion attaches to any one, and how the poison was introduced into what the family ate for supper is yet a mystery.

—Over two years ago the citizens of Danville contributed money and real estate amounting to \$12,000 to the Cincinnati Southern Railway, on condition that the machine shop for this division be located here. The scheme was opposed by a considerable number of antebellum who feared that somehow or other the presence of said machine shop, and the large number of mechanics necessarily employed therein, might have a baneful influence on our pet darling Centre College and the Theological Seminary. But they have been needlessly alarmed, for two years and more have passed, and there are no signs of machine shop nor of mechanics. A gentleman, who from the first took much interest in the matter, recently wrote to the railroad authorities at Cincinnati, and asked them what they proposed to do. In due time the answer came, but it was deplorably non-committal. The Trustees said that Danville was a fine point for machine shop or anything else; that they intended to do what was right, &c., but what they proposed to do, and when, they did not indicate with positive clearness.

—A bill to punish wife beating by stripes laid on the bare back was discussed in the House the other day, but of course the fine gentlemen could not agree to return to so barbarous a relic of punishment.

—A bill has been introduced in the House to abolish Commonwealth's Attorney's fees, and instead, pay those officers a salary of \$2,400. It is greatly to the interest of law and order that this bill be killed at once.

—Mr. Pherigo has presented a bill for the benefit of Harrison Ray, Assessor, of Garrard, and another to authorize a defined portion of that county to subscribe to the capital stock of the Poor Lodge and Sugar Creek Turnpike.

—THE Courier Journal's Frankfort correspondent says: Leave of absence was obtained for Senator Blaine, of Lincoln, for a short visit home. His proposal to be in the seat again Monday, thus losing one day. It is due to Mr. Blaine to say that he has not lost a single hour from his seat up to this time since the first day of the session, having voted upon every call of the year and nays.

GRAND OPENING OF THE -KENTUCKY- ONE-PRICE CLOTHING HOUSE,

Main Street, Stanford, Ky., formerly occupied by McRoberts & Stagg,
ON SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1882,
AN ENTIRELY NEW STOCK OF
Men's and Boys' Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats,
BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

Bought for Spot Cash, at an Immense Reduction, and I offer the same at prices which cannot fail to convince the public that

I OFFER THE GREATEST BARGAINS!

Ever offered in this or any other town. This is no bankrupt sale to run off cheap goods. I come to stay and build up a trade by treating every one politely and dealing fairly and squarely with all. No misrepresentation. Every article as represented and satisfaction guaranteed. All I ask is a fair trial.

D. KLAAS.

M'ALISTER & BRIGHT

Have just received and will keep constantly on hand a fresh line of the choicest

GROCERIES, CONFECTIONERIES,

AND FAMILY SUPPLIES,

All of which they will

Sell at the Very Lowest Possible Margin.

They are also agents for the sale of Mattingly's superior Woolen Goods and Yarns.

LINCOLN MILLS

This New Mill, containing the latest and

MOST IMPROVED MACHINERY

For manufacturing meal and flour, is now in full operation. We will grind for customers, for the present, on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, and on Court-Days and all other public days. We solicit a liberal share of patronage and will endeavor to give entire satisfaction.

Flour, Meal, Corn, Bran, Shipstuff, &c.,

Always on hand and for sale. Highest cash price paid for Corn, Wheat, &c. Orders left at Mill promptly attended to.

MATTINGLY, McALISTER & CO.

P. O. STORE.

J. R. WARREN & SON

Go to the Post Office Store for Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES

Meal, Flour, Lard, Potatoes

Tinware, Glassware,

QUEENSWARE, WOODENWARE, &c.

We laid in, before the late rise in same, a large and

Complete Assortment of Canned Goods,

Such as Corn, Tomatoes, Peas, Beans, Peaches, Pears, Raspberries, Strawberries, &c.

We have on hand, also, a stock of

Coal Buckets, Kitchen Sets, Shovels, Pokers, &c.

Produce of all kinds taken in exchange for Goods at the highest market price.

W. H. HIGGINS

Has a big lot of

The Original and Only GENUINE

CHILLED PLOW,

With Sloping Landside.

BEWARE

OF

INFRINGING IMITATIONS.

BE SURE AND

GET THE GENUINE.

THE

Celebrated Oliver.

None claim to have a better plow;

Their only aim is to make a good in one. Beware of all such imitations. See that Oliver's name is on the beam, as none others are genuine.

ROBT. S. LYTHE,

Tuesday Morning, January 31, 1882

LOCAL NOTICES.

NOTICE: Lard at A. Owley's.
Very best patent Flour at A. Owley's.
New and full stock of Clocks at Penny & McAlister's.

TIMOTHY and Clover Seed for sale by A. Owley.

HAMILTON STEEL PLOWS always on hand at A. Owley's.

CHOICE, Fresh and Fine Candles, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

Buy Louisville Head-light Oil, 175 cents a gallon, at Penny & McAlister.

WATCHES, Clocks and Jewelry repaired and warranted by Penny & McAlister.

WEST VIRGINIA HEAD-LIGHT OIL, 25 cents a gallon, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

A fine line of Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, Hair, Nail, Tooth, and Cutlery Articles, very cheap, at Penny & McAlister's.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. W. M. Higgins is a guest of her son, W. H. Higgins.

Mrs. W. P. Tate has moved to his place in the suburbs of town.

Mrs. BETTY JONES, of Mercer, is visiting Miss Mamie McRoberts.

Miss CLARA HELM has gone on a visit to Miss Sallie Engleman, at Danville.

Mrs. A. T. NUNNIFIELD is still confined to her bed, and does not move much better.

MISS ELIZA ENGLEMAN, after a short visit to Miss Betsy Pennington, returned home yesterday.

HENRY PEAK, son of J. F. Peak, is convalescing after a seventeen day siege with the pneumonia.

AMONG the pretty girls from a distance at the Rink Friday night, were Misses Lillie Foster, of Lexington, Sallie Engleman and Phenie Salter, of Danville. Mr. G. W. James left yesterday for Coffeyville, Kansas, whither he will take his family in the Spring. Mr. James is a solid citizen whom the East End can rely upon.

LOCAL MATTERS.

Of course everybody will be at the Rink to-night.

A new stock of Champion Steel Plows at W. H. Higgins'.

DEAD.—Tom Jasper, who was shot some time ago by W. C. Owens, in Somerset, died Sunday.

McALISTER & BRIGHT have 30,000 lbs. extra family flour. Low figures given when 500 lbs. or more are taken.

The location of the Postoffice is settled. It will be in Mr. E. McRoberts' store-room, lately occupied by Mr. J. N. Craig.

If you are for building up the town and filling in the waste places, show it by voting early to-morrow for the \$1,000 subscription to secure the Machine Shops.

J. T. HARRIS, at the Stanford Market House, will sell the best of Beef-Steak and Roast at 83 cents per lb., and all other things in his line, in proportion. Every thing warranted the very best.

STANFORD people can show an unfriendly spirit toward the Railroad Company, drive the shops to some other point. Let it not be said that it was the fault of the town that they were not located here.

THIS issue of the SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL makes the ninth for January and the month is not yet, and still there are persons who grumble that the price has been raised. The blank paper is worth almost as much as we get for it printed.

ALF BURNETT's Musical Comedy Company and Wallack's Tripliologie will appear at the Stanford Opera House on the evening of February 8th. Every body here knows that old Alf never fails to give a good show. A bare notice of his coming will insure a full house.

TUESDAY broke into the store of McAlister & Bright, Saturday night, and stole therefrom about 400 lbs. choice flour. No one was sleeping in the store at the time, but the proprietors say that it will not be the case again. They will give the rascals all they can get in the future, and extend them an invitation to call any night that they see proper.

We called School Commissioner J. M. Phillips' attention to the fact that as according to the Auditor's report, he got a good deal of money for disbursing the \$6,047.83 drawn for schools in this county, the amount being set down at \$540.43. He was surprised, and immediately produced the papers to prove that he only got \$362.22. There is evidently a mistake somewhere, and Judge Phillips says he has not made it.

PITCHER'S Illustrated paper, the *Crunk*, which was to utterly demolish Mr. Barnes has never materialized. Friday, he shook the dust of the city of Louisville from his feet and proceeded to Cincinnati, where he issued another flaming postar, in which the boy preacher, the Rev. Thomas Garrison, now holding forth in that city, was indicted. The church people had him arrested, but after being taken to the station house, he was released, as no charge was preferred against him. He ought to be confined in a Lunatic Asylum.

A BAD MAN.—Lewis Ball, a one-legged individual, went to King Mountain Tunica, Friday evening, and inhabiting freely in rot-gut, soon had on his war paint. He did not, however, get very blood thirsty till he saw his wife, when he immediately began to give her an unmerciful beating. Finishing with her, he proceeded to his mother-in-law's, Mrs. Nix's, and being refused admittance, he fired his gun at the door and then kicked it in. He ran the old lady out of doors and raised Cain generally. The next day three warrants were sworn out against him, one for wife whipping, another for disturbing the peace, and the third is a peace warrant. Up to yesterday he had not been arrested; and if he knows what's good for himself he will be clear of the scene of his devilment.

FRESH BREAD and Cakes at all times at Dawson Bros'.

New and full stock of Furniture just received at B. K. Wearen's.

TIMEWORN card of Alex. Anderson, Esq., of Boyle county, appears in another column, and it gives us pleasure to commend him to those needing legal services.

A. A. WARREN will continue to supply his customers and the public with the *Interior Journal* and *Enquirer*. Subscriptions to the *Weeklies*, also received.

Mr. DAVID KELAS has arrived and is busily engaged preparing for his Grand opening next Saturday. It is hardly necessary to ask the reader to observe his large advertisement. He can hardly do otherwise.

THE new Flouring and Grist Mill at McKinney, built by Messrs. K. L. Tanner and D. S. Jones, of that place, and the Kennedy Brothers, of Stanford, will be put in operation this week. The building is 24x30, is of wood and is three stories high. It will run one corn and two wheat

burrers.

Mrs. W. E. McLAUGHLIN, the General Traveling Agent of the great Musical Instrument firm of D. P. Faulds, Louisville, has his present headquarters at the Myers House, Stanford, and will visit our people in the interest of his house. This firm is thoroughly reliable, and as they warrant all instruments sold, you can not do better than purchase of them.

TRAIN DISASTER.—A freight train moving at the rate of 25 miles an hour, ran into an open switch at Moreland Station, on the Southern Road, yesterday, wrecking the Engine and five cars. Our informant says that two cars were thrown at right angles across the track, and the engine was turned over to one side. The track was blocked the whole day. Fortunately, no body was hurt. Accidents on this road are of almost daily occurrence, which shows that it is run either by an ignorant or careless set, unfit in either case, to be entrusted with the lives of human beings.

The oration of Thos. P. Hill in nominating Col. Frank Wolford in the recent Democratic Convention appears on our first page. The reader in perusing it will readily imagine that it had a magical effect, especially as Mr. Hill, an impressive looking man and fine speaker, delivered it in his handsomest style. The Convention was electrified with it, and cheered so that the speaker with difficulty proceeded. A few persons alarmed by its effect called on that Mr. Hill had spoken over his time, but "Up on go on," arose from friends and opponents alike of Col. Wolford. "Such a grand oratorial feast must not be cut short," said a strong anti-Wolford man; "it will live in history with the oration of Demosthenes and other great productions." "Who is the speaker?" "Who is Hill?" were the inquiries all over the room. "He is a fine practical lawyer of mature years who has made a fortune in the little town of Stanford by eschewing politics and office." "Why was Wolford not nominated then?" 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A CHANCE FOR BRIDES.

One summer evening, just as the sun was setting behind the Kip-Kape and making a golden pathway across the limpid waters, the steamer Accomac, plying between the local wharves of the James River and Old Point, set on shore four persons, or, to speak to the card, two couples, and just married, as any one could see with half an eye; blushed and clinging helplessness, so to speak, on the woman's part; and great nervousness, added to the self-protecting air, on the man's side, and an appearance, badly acted, of indifference in both, told the tale.

The genial Phoebe appears on the scene; he takes in the situation at a glance, and he walks, or rather rolls, up to the quartet.

"Walk up to my hotel, gentlemen and ladies; my name's Phoebe, and I'm owner here; what might yours be?"

One murmur Jones, the other Smith, and then, both stuttering, present Mrs. J. and Mrs. S.

"Just married, I see," said the genial proprietor. "Walk right up and I'll give you the best room in the house! I like bridal couples; I do; reminds me of the time when me and my old woman did the tender racket and cleaned our teeth with the same toothbrush."

After waiting in the reception parlor half an hour, the two couples were shown their respective rooms, they being marked on the register as 100 and 101, and were side by side. At supper they appeared and tackled the menu, and a strange fact was that the brides ate an enormous meal, but the young husbands could hardly worry down a cup of coffee. Afterward they journeyed to the ball room, and sat listening to the music. Then the brides got fidgety and disappeared to their room. One was a short, sprightly blonde, all fire and sparkle, and as plump as a partridge; the other tall, Juno-limbed blonde, with complexion of cream and rose, sleepy, sensuous—just such a type as Rubens loved to paint. The grooms were alike in stature; both had beardless faces, with an adolescent mustache growing, and it is needless to add that they were from the country and taking their first trip into the stream of fashionable life.

After the departure of their wives the two incipient fathers, all unknown to each other, and too much engrossed in their own blissful thoughts to notice other people, passed an hour or two in looking on the billiard players, and varying the monotony by going up to the bar every five minutes and taking a drink.

Now, it happened that a gentleman, I dare not mention his name, was watching the whole, proceedings with an amused and observant eye, having looked at the registry, a most sinful and thoughtless idea came in his head. Gazing around cautiously he saw that the clerk's attention was engaged elsewhere, so he slyly takes the pen and changes the nought to one and the one to nought. It is a very simple thing to do, but very wicked. So the rooms were transposed.

By-and-by Mr. Jones, getting tired of looking around, went to the book to see the number of his room; it read 101, and he goes along the dimly-lighted passage, with the joker stealing behind. Arriving at the door, he scanned the number to see if he was right, and then walked boldly in, for the door was unlocked, and the sky-light showed that the room was wrapped in Cimmerian darkness. Mr. Jones now being comfortably installed in Mrs. Smith's room, it was not ten minutes after that Mr. Smith, the husband of the plump blonde, having also looked at the register, came timidly and expectantly stealing, like a shadow down the half-lighted aisle, counting for the magic number. Arriving at No. 100, he walked in the chamber where the grand-looking blonde lay, and the door closed.

An hour at least passed, and our joker waited in vain for some sign. All was silent and dark, and so he turned in himself, but not to sleep. Imagination played strange freaks, and the earliest dawn still found him wandering. Getting up he resumed his watch, and just as the lamps were beginning to pale Mr. Jones, looking like Tarquin, emerged from the room and disappeared. Mr. Smith, by a coincidence, followed him.

At breakfast time both brides appeared and were joined by their liege lords. One thing was evident to the joker, the brides had not found out the trick; their freedom from a burning embarrassment, barring a little maiden bashfulness, showed this; but the grooms? From his vantage place he saw the young BENE

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dicts sitting by themselves in a brown study. Every now and then they would laugh silently until the tears would run down their cheeks, and they would fairly hug themselves in an ecstasy of mirth; then they would become grave, only to break out into grins a moment after; and so the long day passed away, and they took the steamer to New York.

Now, what was the upshot of all this the joker never knew, but remorse tortured his soul; he took to drinking; then falling steadily downward he became a politician, until reaching the very depths of the pit; an indignant public sentenced him to pay penance, and he is now serving out a term in the Virginia Legislature, and he never gets a letter but what in derision an "Hon." is put before his name.

Moral for young married couples—turn on the gas.—[Old Point (Va.) Letter to Washington Capital.]

How She Fetched Him.

Hazel Quirk looked quickly up at Lord Traverse Ray, the love light beaming forth from her eyes with a tender radiance that told more plainly than could any words the deep affection she bore him; but there was in the look a pleading wistfulness, a sense of trustful security, that touched his very heart. She did not speak, but, placing a dimpled arm around his neck, drew his face down and kissed him with a soft, melting, three-for 50 cents kiss that she kept on tap only for him, and then her eyes shone forth again the love that her lips could not utter, while the drooping mouth quivered as if in pain.

"You are not well, darling," said Percy Hanafin (his week-day name) in aquiline tones, the words nearly choking him as he spoke. "Let me bring you vinaigrette, or a bottle of salver—a quaff or two of that would revive you."

But Hazel only laid her head on his shoulder, wound her white arms around his neck, and began to sob as if her heart would break.

"My God, Hazel! what have I done to cause you this bitter anguish? Speak, my angel, speak, and tell me wherein the fault lies. Devoid of me any sacrifice, no matter how great, and it shall be cheerfully made. I have a large red apple in my overcoat pocket, and it shall be yours—all yours—if you will only speak."

Slowly from the shoulder blade rose the little head, with its mass of brown curls, slowly turned the pure, beautiful face of Hazel Quirk, until Percy again looked down into those eyes that had so lately beamed forth merry glances, and saw once more the little nose that had so often burrowed in his vest. "You will surely keep your promise?" Hazel asked between the convulsive sobs that seemed to be breaking her heart and seriously disarranging her liver.

"Of course I will, my sweet," replied Percy. "You shall have the apple."

"And is it really and truly a red one?" asked the girl, again sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Yes, my love."

"Hope to die if it ain't?"—this between the sobs.

"Yes," said Percy.

"Cross-eyes?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well"—and here she broke down afresh, but finally mastered her grief and spoke—"Papa has soaked the mill."

"What!" exclaimed Percy in tones of astonishment, "soaked the mill that has been his home so long?"

"Same mill," replied Hazel, wringing out her handkerchief and fishing up a dry one from the sleeping ear of her polonaise.

"Well, that is sad, indeed," said Percy; "but what matters it to us?"

"Ah! you do not understand," sobbed the girl; "you do not drop."

"Why, what do you mean, Hazel? You have concealed something from me, else why this juggling with words?"

"I mean, Percy," said Hazel in low, bitter tones, "that the mill is mortgaged, and that I am to pay the debt."

"What! my Hazel collateral security? It cannot, must not be!"

"But it is," was the tearful response.

"I care not," exclaimed the young man. "You shall not be sacrificed. I will marry you to-morrow, and thwart this vile plan of Jim Roddey's."

"You will?" said the girl, looking at him eagerly, and jumping lightly from his knee.

"I will."

The little head fell on his shirt front with a dull thud.

Hazel had fainted.

Placing her carefully on a fauteuil, Lord Traverse Ray kissed the tear-stained cheeks, and started out to borrow a dollar and a half from his mother with which to get the marriage license. As the sound of his

footsteps died away, Dunstan Quirk entered the room where Hazel was lying. She rose as he opened the door, and smiled faintly. "Did you give him the racket, sis?" the old man asked.

"Yes, papa."

"And did he fall into the net?"

"I should smile," replied Hazel.

"Suckers are pretty thick this winter, my child," said Dunstan Quirk,

"and you're the girl that can land them."—[Chicago Tribune.]

Private Abuse of a Newspaper.

Some people think they are very smart when they abuse a newspaper or editor. They forget that many papers have largely profited by becoming the objects of these attacks, and that some editors have thriven on being assailed.

Aside from this consideration, it should be remembered that an editor is often obliged to carry a very delicate position. His sense of right sometimes cause him to attack or defend a man, a business, a class, or a cause at the risk of making enemies of others, only to find those in whose interests he has labored display ingratitude.

Of course no level headed editor expects to find much gratitude or charity. He must generally be content with the approval of his own conscience, and pursue the course he believes to be right, regardless of either frowns or smiles, supported by his conscious rectitude.

It will come all right in the end. It is hard to be misunderstood, and to find those to whose support you have earned a right, desert you; to meet alone the attacks of those you have succeeded in pursuing the course you were convinced was right, but you will thereby learn a lesson of self-reliance, and form a habit of judging entirely for yourself that will be inevitable. You will be able to tell the truth, however distasteful, and refuse to utter falsehood, no matter how much pleasanter it may promise to make things go.

About Daniel.

A teacher last Sunday, was telling a class of boys the story of Daniel in the lions' den, when a freckled boy, with a scar on his face and one suspender, pushed a good-sized quid of fine-cut against the roof of his mouth and remarked:

"How much did he get for it?"

"He received no compensation," remarked the teacher, in tones which made clear her great horror.

"A free shot" inquired the boy, ex-citely.

"It was no show at all," replied the teacher, who thought he was skeptical, and continued: "Don't you believe Daniel went among the lions without being hurt?"

"Yes," said the boy; "for I saw that snap worked at the circus last week, but it was no free graft; the man gets seventy-five a week and expenses!"

When Christmas presents were dealt out this year that boy did not appear, he had the cream cake by a very large majority.—[Puck.]

A gentleman having a faro near this city says that he raises one but black hogs on his place, for the reason that they cannot be seen the dark night that theives operate in. He adopted the black hog some five or six years ago, since which time he has never lost one by theft. Previously his hogs were constantly depredated upon.—[Lexington Gazette.]

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How Millions of False Teeth Are Made.

A reporter of the Star recently visited a factory in this city where false teeth are made by the million. In the process of manufacture the silix and tehspar in their crude state are submitted to a red heat and then suddenly thrown into cold water, the effect being to render them more easily pulverized. Having been ground very fine in water, and the water evaporated the two materials are dried and sifted. The dentine is washed free from impurities. These materials, with tehspar, sponge, platina and flux in proportion for the enamel, are mixed with water and worked into masses resembling putty. This done, the unbaked porcelain masses are ready for the molding room. The molds are in two pieces, and are made of brass, one-half of the teeth or sections being on either side. The coloring materials are first placed in the exact position, and quantity required and the body of the tooth and the gum are inserted in lump corresponding to the size of the teeth. The molds are then closed, and they are dried by a slow heat. When perfectly dry, they are taken out and sent to the trimmer's room. The trimmers remove imperfections, and send them in trays of fire-clay to the furnace, where, having remained for twenty minutes, they are complete.—[Wilming (Del.) Star.]

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